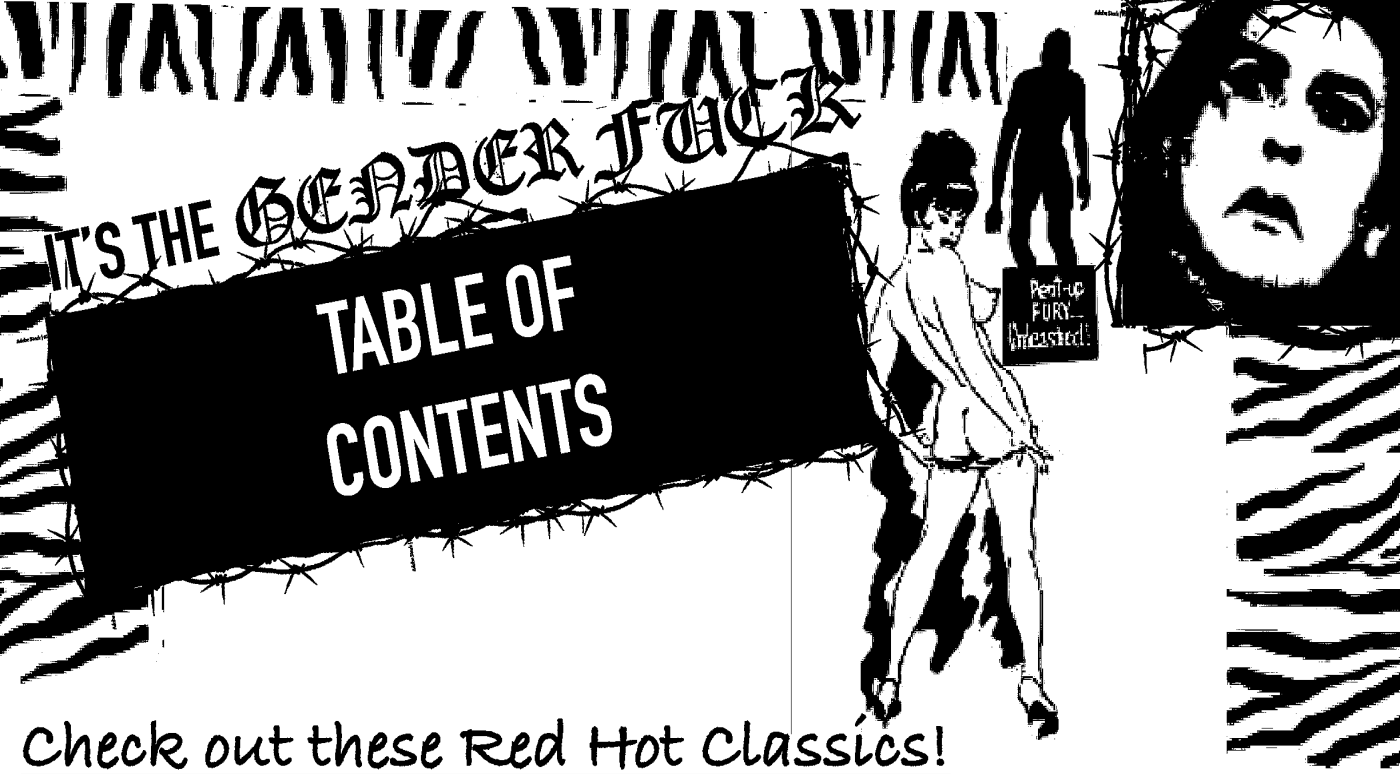
GENDER FUCK

ISSUE TWO

IT'S THE GENDER FUCK

TABLE OF CONTENTS



Check out these Red Hot Classics!

3. THE TRAMP STAMP OF DORIAN GRAY- FINN MASARYK @finn.thimples

4. TWO PIECES- CALLA BURKE @seldom_is_here

5. PHOTOGRAPHS- JAGER NACHREINER @ashtray_angels

7. SONIC TELEPORTATION- SHILOH BLUE @mtavictim

11. PRINTS- CHAR NICHOLS @artbycharr / COLLAGES- ZANE HILL @esp_ephemera

12. MY SINS DETERMINE MY WORTH- ERIS SONDEJ @erisofthysun

12. BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH- OSCAR ROME @0scarr0me

13. TWO ILLUSTRATIONS- ANGIE St PEPITO @stpepito

15. POEM- JUNE HORBACH @hanatarash_official

16. CORTISOL- ZHEARRA AZRAEL @zhearra_

17. COLLAGE- ZANE HILL

18. DREAM No. 3- MINERVA ROSE @gothmilfmafia420

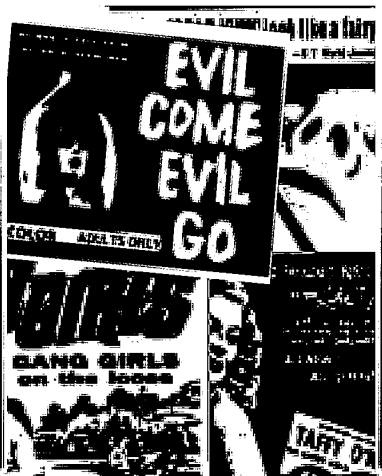
19. UNTITLED- ERIN MOTMANS @sweetfauna_dispaly

20. COLLAGE- ZANE HILL

21. AUTOBIOLOGY- MISHA CRAFTS @not_actually_misha_official

22. EVIL GIRL FILM SOCIETY

23. LETTER FROM A FAN



WHERE HAVE ALL THE BAD GIRLS GONE?

...just ask GENDER FUCK

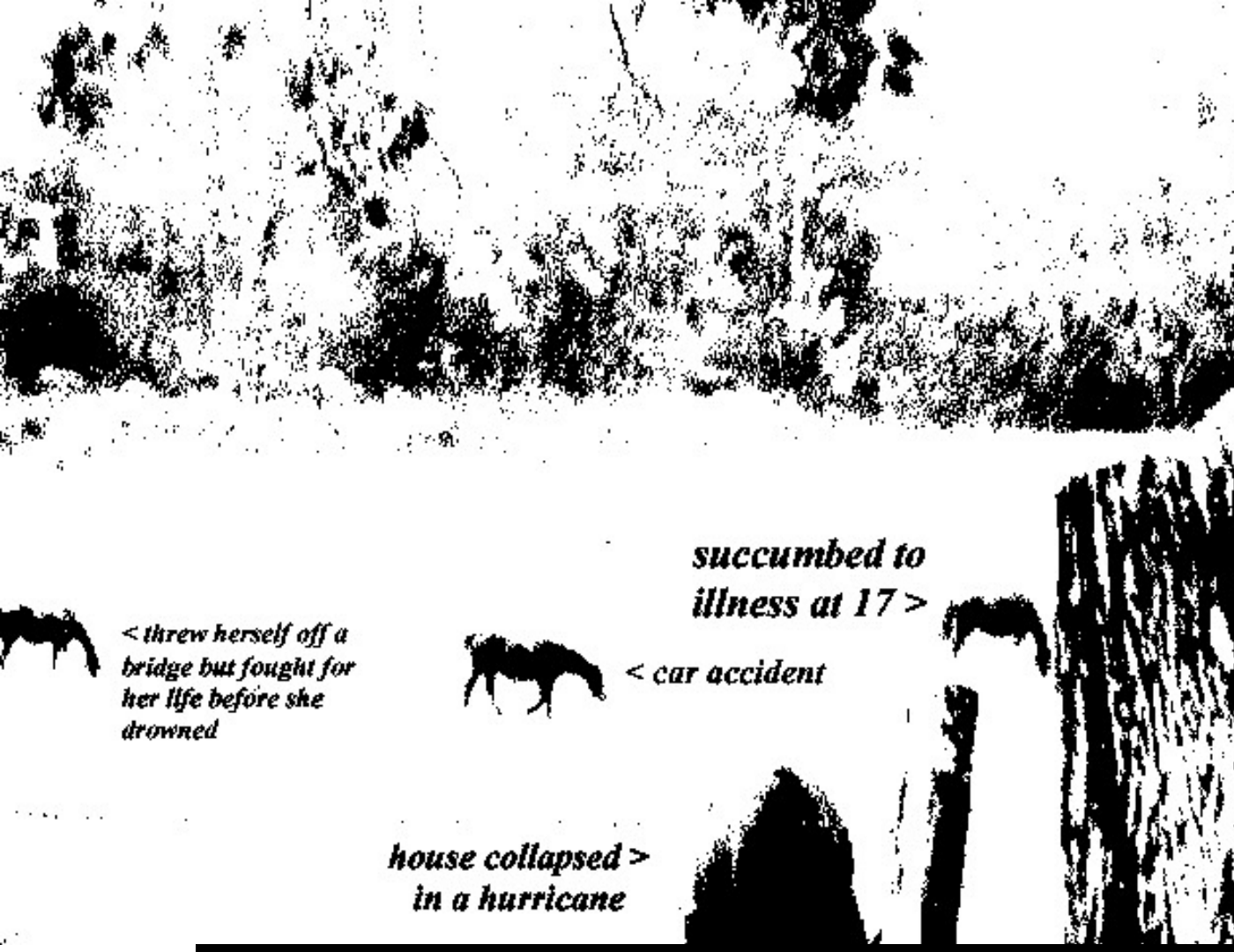
A Letter from the Editors...

Welcome to the summer 2025 issue of Genderfuck!
For those unaware, Genderfuck is a seasonal zine housing the art and writing of trans and genderqueer folk. In these twenty five jam-packed pages you will find great stories of suspense and sexuality (mmm! I'm getting all fired up just thinking about it!). Since issue one, we have made many new friends, dug some shallow graves, and seen some neat shows! Printing has been an absolute nightmare; an infamous problem often suffered by publications of our high esteem. However, if you are reading this physically, we have hopefully concluded these troubles.

We would like to thank all our wonderful friends for their generous contributions of such beauty and splendor. Without further ado, sit back, grab yourself a hot cup o'joe and enjoy our exuberant celebration of queer deviance, from our family to yours.

Sincerely,
The editors.

The TRAMP-STAMP of DORIAN GRAY
WOW, BASIL.
I LOVE IT!
OH STOP IT~♡
YOU SHOULD FEEL HONOURED, BASIL, TO HAVE YOUR WORK ON GOD'S FINEST ART!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "GOD'S FINEST ART"?
WELL, LOOK AT YOU!
OH, HOW I WISH MY TATTOO WOULD FADE INSTEAD!
PERFECT FACE,
PERFECT FIGURE,
PERFECT YOUTH
I ALMOST FEEL BAD LETTING BASIL INK YOU!
YOUR BEAUTY WILL FADE,
BUT THAT TATTOO IS FOREVER
HARRY!!



calla burke
(she/her)

It's heavily implied that I tried to drown her
Rolling down hills runaway
tumbleweed it's seventeen it's
not real it's seventeen
gingersnaps murder scene without the blood
Raucous laughter
intake air
sharply breathing out
slow it's not real
break down
Swimming in currents
and about it a week after
and taken away and spiral
night owls but not owls

Jager nachreiner (she/he)
ROYALTIES" fo
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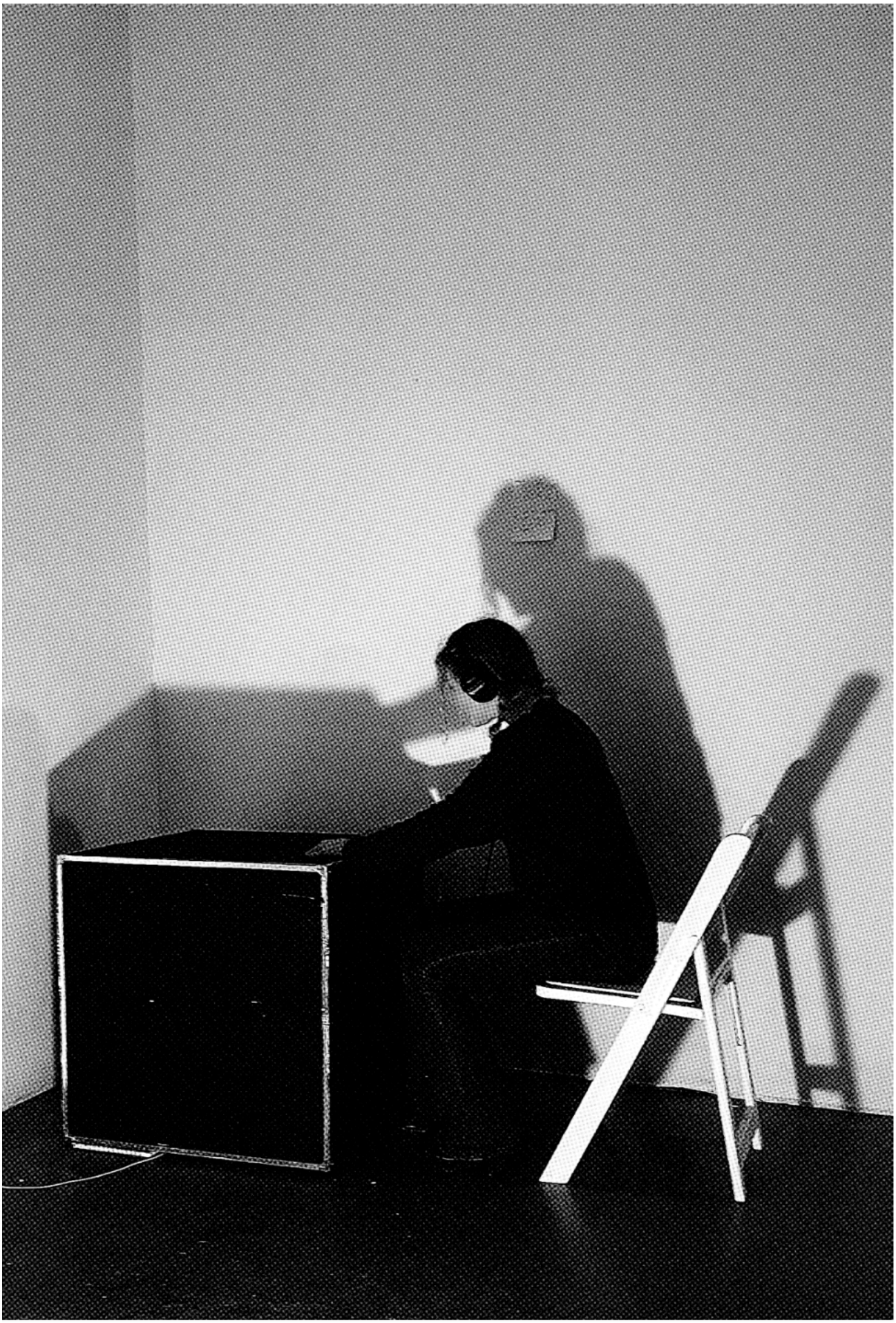


sonic teleportationism by shiloh blue (she/her) *summer '25*

It is the evening of May 4th, 2025 and the library is dead quiet. It's the penultimate week of classes, and deadlines are approaching. I walk through the halls on my the way to the bathroom, the keys on my carabiner jingling off my legs, the sound traveling around the space and bouncing off the walls. I put my hand down to mute them- in the complete engulfing silence of the library, I somehow feel it would be more respectful to those studying to keep the silence silent. Rain falls lightly on the roof, the air conditioning system of the building quietly hums its deep groan, and the taps of keyboards echo quietly up and down the halls. It is nine days until final projects are due, and reflected in the space through the sounds expressed is a sense of intense focus and trepidation. I hear the rain outside and feel as though I am within it. The quiet of the others in the Library encourages me to be quiet myself, which encourages me to focus on my work, an encouragement I am inadvertently providing to the other students in the space. Silence without silence; the intention of silence in shifting and stepping and typing; work begetting work; silence encouraging silence.

Within the process of our sense of hearing I find a feedback loop between the individual and her environment. This feedback loop is, in my opinion, a nested and self-reflexive technique of teleportation, and with the access of the advanced sound technology we are privy to currently (microphones, speakers, telephones, electronic recording systems), we have the ability to transfer this technique of teleportation out of itself and into other environments. Put simply, I am of the belief that we have achieved teleportation on a philosophical and psychic level.

An environment's sound is a reinforcement of its' own identity; in order to experience what it *feels like to be an environment*, we need only *listen* to the sounds the environment produces. Moving a given environment's sounds to a secondary location transfers that sense of *being* from its origin to the listener elsewhere. When I listen to a field recording I made of the Pillowfort Arts Center in Andes, NY in the summer of 2023, the sonic expressions and impacts of the birds and insects and mammals and wind croaking the trees and friends I made on the environment of the mountainside that were recorded by a sensitive membrane in a microphone and stored as data on a digital card are reenacted by my speakers, and as they travel through the air and into my ears I am brought back to Andes in memory and psyche. My memories appear clearer than ever, and I live for a moment *as* the mountainside, *as* the birds and insects and mammals and trees and friends, *as* the person I was in that environment. The distinction between myself and the environment at this stage of listening melts away and ceases to hold consequence. I share the same ontological qualities as everything else in that environment in terms of my placement in time and space and my physical and non-physical relationships to the other things there, so why should there be a distinction? I am the place, the place is me.

It is the afternoon of April 10th, 2025, and I have just finished installing my senior show in the sculpture department (that I am not technically a part of) at my college. I have created a series of works with the intention of addressing and engaging with this method of teleportation, in which I

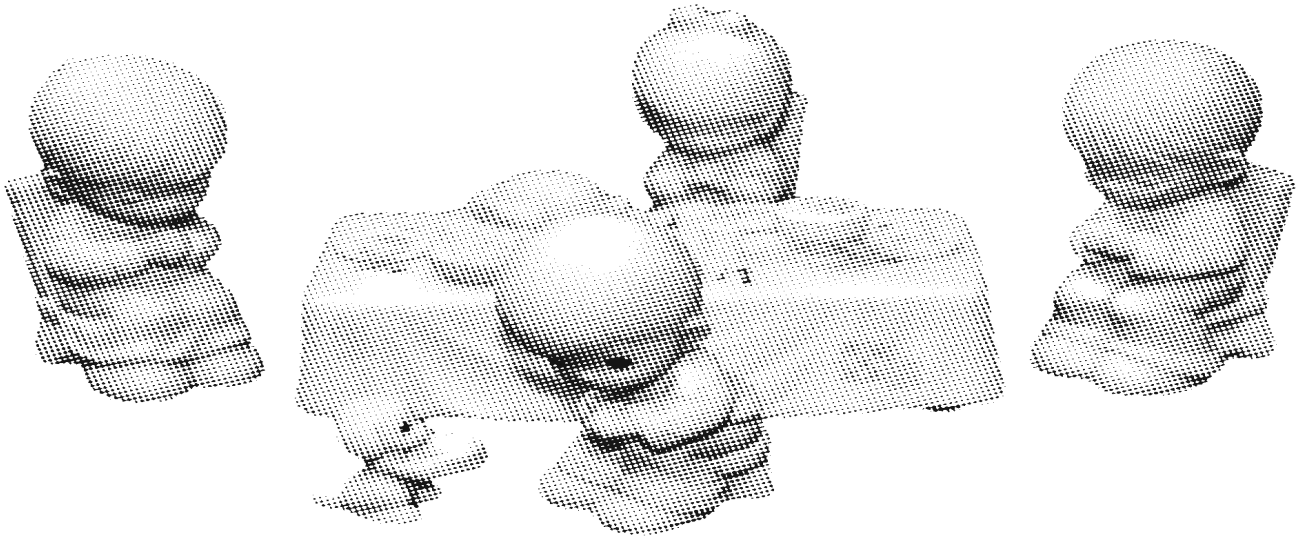
encourage individuals to focus on the idiosyncratic sounds of particular vessels within the space. I am installing in a white room on the first floor of the visual arts building. There is a drop ceiling, white walls, a gray concrete floor, and attached to the wall next to the door is a small box of unknown utility (copies of which exist all over the building). I put my ear to the small box and hear a faint hiss. This is the first teleportation of the room, to the inside this small vessel; my contribution to the work is a small piece of paper with an instruction to listen. In an opposite corner, I install a black wooden box with a microphone inside and encourage listeners to touch it. This is the second teleportation of the room: into a slightly larger vessel that may be touched. The tones of the box and the room intermingle inside the headphones, and the impressions of the listener emphasize its existence as a small environment. At a certain point in the room, standing under the ceiling, the deep hum of the air conditioning can be heard faintly. Using a ladder, I move a tile of the ceiling and install a directional microphone facing the hum. Below, I place a mixer and a pair of headphones. This is the third teleportation of the room, with the

intention sending listeners above and outside the space they sit. These experiments of mine helped me to further illuminate and gain a deeper understanding of the teleportationist nature of sound.

It is the night of June 5th, 2025, and I am looking to escape my body. The usual suspects of escape are unavailable to me; I am taking a break from weed because my tolerance got so high it was expensive during finals and I am taking a break from alcohol because my medicine makes me nauseous to the point of vomiting when I drink and I am no longer smoking cigarettes because I love somebody so much that I never again want to be the kind of person I am when I'm addicted to nicotine around her. I put on my good (stolen) headphones and listen to an album I care deeply about that I have stored on my hard drive. I focus on the contours of the sound, and as familiar as they are, I am brought to a place of tactile comfort. There is physical memory stored here, and I am brought to the first moments I listened to this album (through my passive earbuds in a bathroom at a bar on a date with a man I struggle to forgive even now) (the next day on nicer headphones after he left town, when I left a positive review on bandcamp of the album) (sunny day spent on my own (in a good way) at school). I am brought to thoughts of the person that made the album (someone I know very little about personally in spite of having met and hung out several times but whose work impresses me) and the people and memories I associate with them (their equally-talented partner, the punk house they live in where I performed my first show off-campus and immediately dreamt (and often spoke) of moving to). Beyond "remembering," the tactility and physicality of the sound puts my mind *into* those places, body responding as though my environment has changed. In some asynchronous psychic way, I have temporarily left my body and its associated ontological baggage and re-become a version of myself whose baggage, while still present, is overwhelmed by warmth and love from old (experienced as though they were new again) feelings of discovery, self-determination, and passion, spurned and goaded and guided and encouraged by the music I listen to. The hours of this night have wiled on, and I grow delirious with sleep, the sound continuing to work its teleportation on my psyche, and I am gently pushed from my -consciousness towards the un-. The psychic environment depicted by the soundscape, being replicated through recording, has in

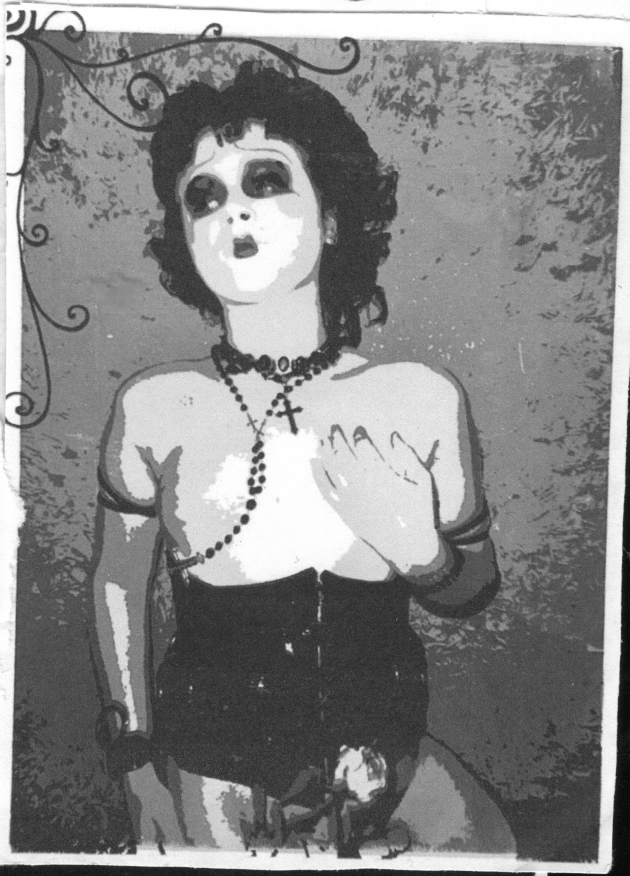
turn replicated *itself* internally within the medium of my body/mind-memory. I do not think of the disquieting ways my veins sit on my hands, or the intimidating broadness of my shoulders, or the particular tones and timbres of my voice that cause double-towards-triple takes in strangers' assessments of how to address me.

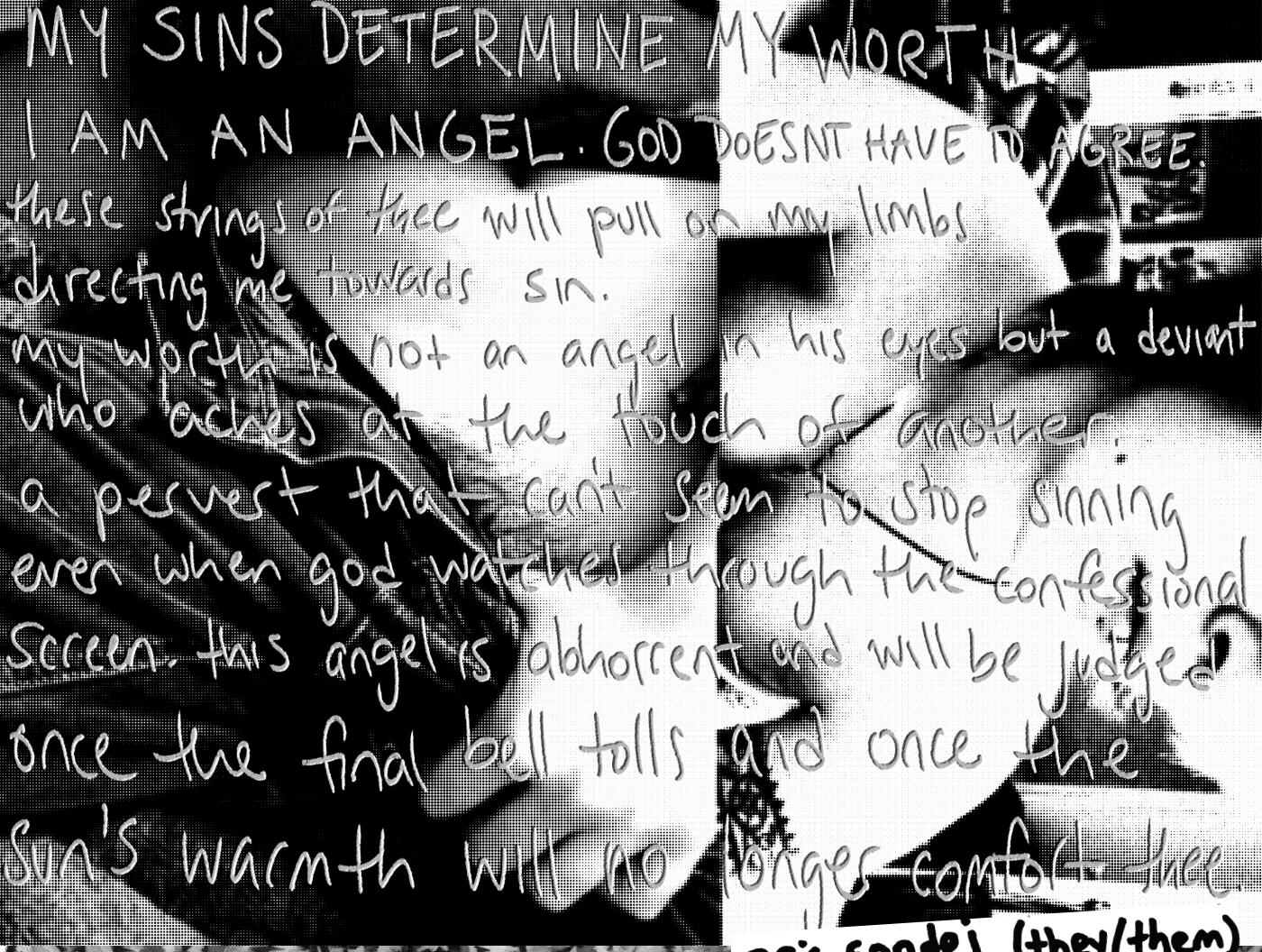
In their book Realist Magic (don't ask me anything about object-oriented ontology, I really don't quite understand it yet), while discussing the process of tuning (self-adjustment) in improvisation, Timothy Morton says "...a better solo would reveal something about the metal and the curvature and the size and the spittle of a trumpet; a good solo is when the instrument takes you over. When the audience applauds an incredible solo, they are trying to touch the inside of a trumpet." While this anecdote was mentioned in the book under a separate context than the one I'm bringing it up under, it is an effective and beautiful way to describe the phenomena of teleportation I find myself fascinated with. Sound is as much a reflection and description of the physical qualities of the vessel creating the sound-- be it a room, a field, or a trumpet --as it is the intent of the communicative action of the creation of sound; the people talking in the room, the wind moving the grass in the field, the person having a conversation with the trumpet they are playing. Some synthesis between this reflection and communication comes together in ourselves to teleport us into the vessel, be it physical, monumental, minuscule, or emotional. When we hear the voice of Nina Simone sing (and "lie on the piano [and are] reminded [we are] stupid," as Cameron Winter would belt), we are teleported to the inside of her throat where her words catch on the sibilants of her mouth, and where else is our true emotion kept than in our throats? And where else does our true emotion spill than from our mouths? From our physical impacts on the things around us, and the reverberations of those impacts in their respective nested vessels. When we make sounds, we reach out and touch each other without touching. When we hear sounds, we feel without necessarily seeing.



Collages by
Zane Hill (any)

Shane + June by Char Nichols (they/she/he)




MY SINS DETERMINE MY WORTH
I AM AN ANGEL. GOD DOESNT HAVE TO AGREE.
these strings of thee will pull on my limbs
directing me towards sin.
my worth is not an angel in his eyes but a deviant
who bashes at the touch of another.
a pervert that can't seem to stop sinning
even when god watches through the confessional
screen. this angel is abhorrent and will be judged
once the final bell tolls and once the
sun's warmth will no longer comfort thee.

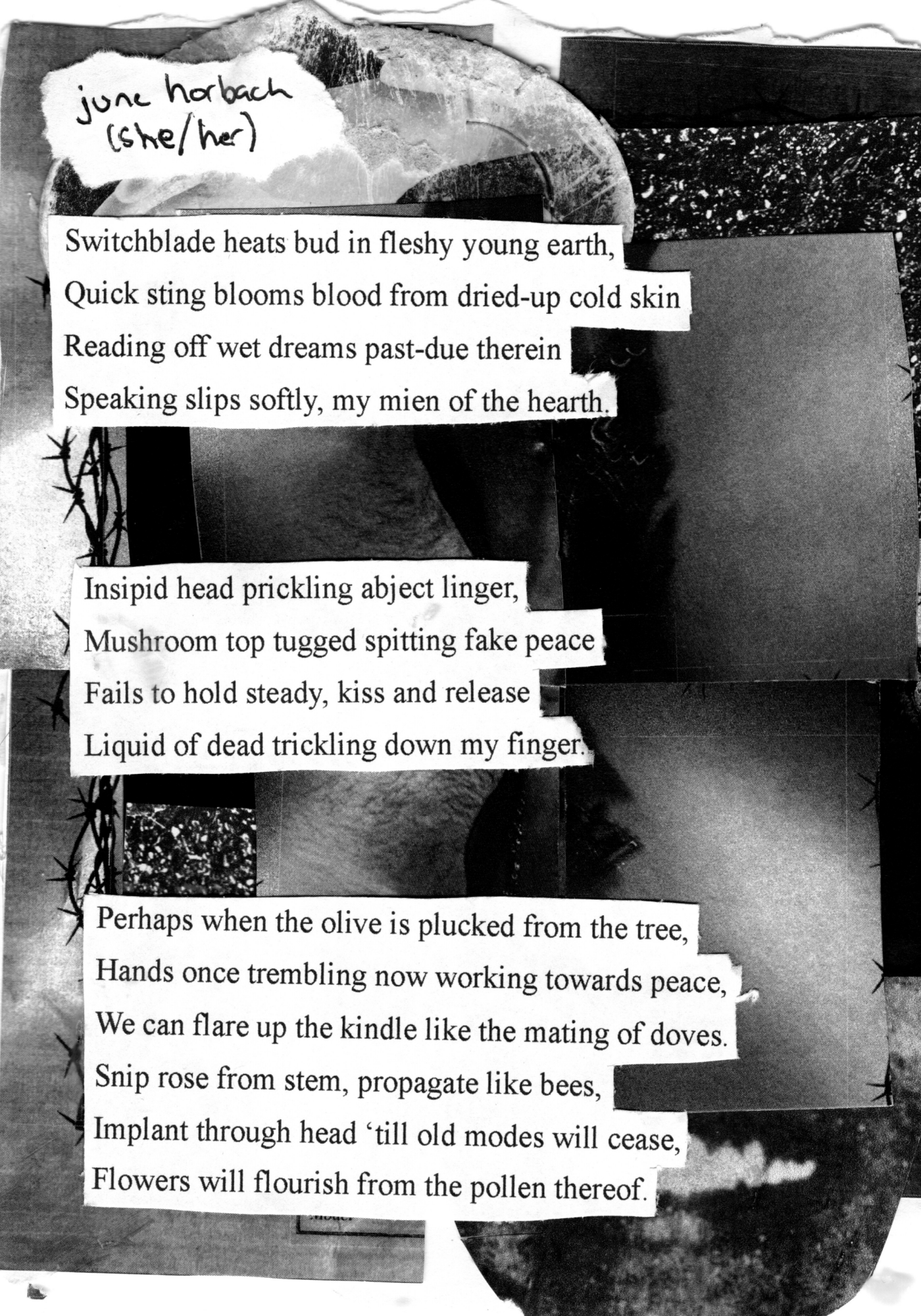
eris sondej (they/them)

You force fed me butterflies
just so I can throw them up.
I gazingly stare at the mound of beautifully regurgitated insects in front of me, as I pick out each shriveled wing and try to slip it back down my throat again. Hoping it reaches my stomach where they once were. Anticipating. Waiting. Digesting. Reminiscing, on that love-sickened feeling I used to get by the thought of you crossing my mind.
Now, there are mosquitos buzzing. Back-and-forth. Irritating my head when I grasp the thought of you. Thoughts of regret and anguish. The memories of when I spotted your beautiful shimmering wings fly by me for the first time. What once was.

Butterflies in my Stomach

Oscar Rome (He/Him)

?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!
?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!
?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!
96


june horbach
(she/her)
Switchblade heats bud in fleshy young earth,
Quick sting blooms blood from dried-up cold skin
Reading off wet dreams past-due therein
Speaking slips softly, my mien of the hearth.
Insipid head prickling abject linger,
Mushroom top tugged spitting fake peace
Fails to hold steady, kiss and release
Liquid of dead trickling down my finger.
Perhaps when the olive is plucked from the tree,
Hands once trembling now working towards peace,
We can flare up the kindle like the mating of doves.
Snip rose from stem, propagate like bees,
Implant through head 'till old modes will cease,
Flowers will flourish from the pollen thereof.

Cortisol

Zhearra Azrael
(She/her)

When your body recognizes itself, finally–
When the love that you pump is so hot and dense,
Glowing, and
Taking up space–slipping between both the blood and the air in your lungs;
Feeling like cortisol–a heat flowing through your body.

It will begin to ooze–rip through your figure which waxes and wanes
About things so hopefully–so rigidly.
Liquid love, a burning river–the igneous heart–
Encapsulates all those around you–whether you like it or not–
Like soot, ash.

You will, whether you like it or not:
Bleed out, trying; you will
jump into Kīlauea without thought.

You will burn out, loving, but
You wont hit [dig] your nails in half way.

zane hill (any/all)

DREAM no. 3

MINERVA ROSE (she/her)

The best parts of my body are the freckles on my shoulders.

I like them the most because I almost never see them. It's a rare maneuver to twist the neck enough to catch a glimpse of one's shoulder, so every time I do it's like a little surprise.

She likes them the most because when she's on top of me, nipping at my neck on the couch or the bed, and my legs are wrapped around her waist, she can see them spread like mold blooms across my pale skin. She loves the way they form those ringlet patterns of shimmering blue and green: like dogbane beetle wings peeling off my arms in layered flakes like pastries. To me it feels like an itch being scratched, a relief: just enough tingle in those little crackling goose bumps to feel good — and she usually kisses me after that. Her eager panting breaths hit my face and her mouth is always very warm: she bites down, and chews on my lip, and for an hour afterwards I'm tasting pennies.

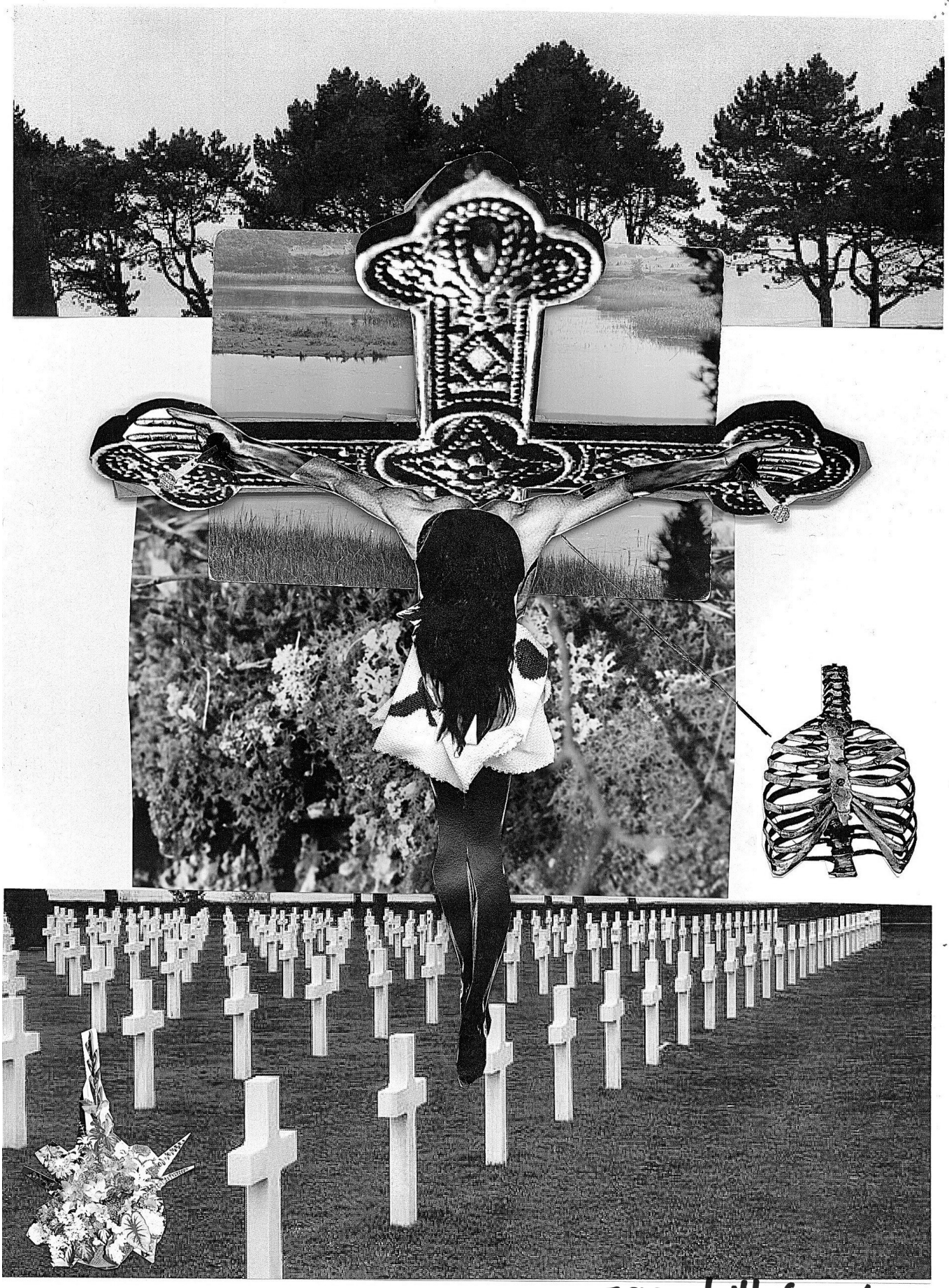
She likes to run her long fingers over my upper arm afterwards, or before — when she's not on top of me, when we are just each other, instead of being one. She brushes it lightly with the back of her hand: her nails barely pricking the little brown dots, because she knows that when she does, the blue green circles will ripple and respond to her touch. She does these little things to see my skin dance, but I'm hardly ever watching. She knows all the tricks to get them going, and not once have I minded. It's a strange, but not at all unpleasant, feeling to be studied with so much juvenile joy. She's always giggling when she finds a new trigger or pattern, like hearing a child laugh at a funny face. When I come up behind her: sitting down in her chair, and clasp my hands around her chest, I can smell the conditioner in her amber hair. Then she'll take her hand up and along the bony ridge of my shoulder, behind her, to feel the tuffs of golden fur that perk up all the way down to my breasts. When her cock is half-hard and warm in my hand, her absentminded nails scratch at the skin around the bumps, pulling away the beads of transparent scarlet jelly that leaks from my pores underneath her fingernails — little things like that.

Erin Motmans
(she/they)

Life lasts as long as it feels good.
Dancing is a central tenet.
The branches and teeth of heartbreak,
are they responsible for the mysterious
footprints?

She kisses his hand.
She goes through life so fast.
Like channels flipping a tv,
the branches and teeth of heartbreak
hardly catches her.
Except for the months which afterwards
she describes in seconds, or a poem, or something.
Dancing is a central tenet.

It was suddenly not sentimental enough.
People looked at her as if from her inside.



zane hill (any/all)

autobiology
misha crafts (she/her)
They invented
color TV
for the
sake of blood.
The audience
wanted
to see
their insides
in high definition
& get a more
vivid
picture of
what we look
like taken apart.
As a little kid
I was
obsessed
with the butcher
counter.
The cold case
full of
perfect pink
cutlets
& red mountains
of ground beef.
Strange & lucid
to see
the alien
landscape of an
animal's interior
sprawled
out on display.
An array
of flesh
as varied &
thoughtfully
arranged
as a bouquet of
flowers.
My breath
fogging up the glass.
My body
should be
a receptacle for
the sublime
but it's
leaden with
the bad
manners
of a
compulsory
corporeality.
High latency
in the transmission
of desire.
Heavy with
its many
heaving
magnetic cores
& cluttered with
artifacts
that accumulate
in its
Chambers.
One way
of conquering
fear is
to have it
surgically removed.
A mass of
nervous
twitching tissue
scooped from
my chest
with a
slotted spoon &
lifted up
to heaven.
I press
my tongue
against the portal
that remains.
Does it
taste like
corn syrup
or hemoglobin?
Is it sweet
or is it salty?
When I'm bored
I pick
my scabs
& peer
into myself.
They're tiny
portals &
if the
wound was
big enough
I could
crawl in.
I would like to
turn inside
out &
transform
completely
into the heat
beneath my skin.
Is it better to
have a
fantasy or
be a fantasy?
My insides
made explicit.
Lacerations
all over
the stomach
& nails
made of plastic.
Disassembling
myself &
publicly
fumbling with
the pieces.
I reordered
myself
& walk around
as the thing
I was
taught to conceal.
If the wound
was big
enough
I could fit
an entire world
in there.
Drown it in
the sugar
of my insides
& hope
it returns
to me
sticky & new.
Architecture
submitting
to embodiment.
Authority
given
to the meat

EVIL GIRL FILM SOCIETY

Since releasing issue one of GENDERFUCK, we have started a sister initiative called EVIL GIRL FILM SOCIETY, a d.i.y. guerilla screening series primarily focused on viewing transgressive cinema from the perspective of exploring crass, radical, and imperfect depictions of the queer experience. Basically, its an alternative space for faggots to gather together, watch fucked up movies, and have conversations about them over cigarettes outside directly after.

Last semester at SUNY Purchase, we utilized the seemingly almost forgotten cinema room in The Stood to screen three films: *Tetsuo: The Iron Man* (streamed directly from effedupmovies.com), *Women In Revolt*, and *964 Pinocchio*, coming up with little introductions to give context to what we were watching and why, and then letting 'em rip for whoever showed up. We also printed (and posted on instagram) flyers and hung them up all over our campus, which were very intentionally in-your-face and punky, we were trying very hard to visually point a finger at queer passers by and say "HEY YOU, COME TO OUR GAY ASS FILM SCREENING".

To our surprise, we ended up attracting a pretty sizable group of other transgender freaks with similarly nefarious tastes, met a couple of new friends, and even had a few people travel from other colleges to join us! It was honestly really wholesome and rewarding as well as relatively easy to put together, and it's something we plan on continuing as we both chaotically throttle through the next year of school, HOWEVER we are also very interested in hosting these screenings elsewhere. We are, as our little introduction suggests, a guerilla screening series, so any strange places with big walls and electrical sockets can and will do. Let us know if you have any ideas or space we could utilize!

And while we're on the subject, YOU should host YOUR OWN d.i.y. queer film screenings, all you need is a cheap projector, a white wall, and a speaker. Get your gay friends together! Watch an obscene movie! Talk about them with your friends! Expand your community! Have fun!

"Get more out of life, see a fucked up movie!" - John Waters

Dear GENDERFUCK,

I just wanted to reach out and personally thank you for changing my life. After fifty long years of radio stardom, I've been reflecting on the crass legacy I leave behind, through my time on Public Radio as well as SiriusXM as the golden voiced jokester, adored by millions of listeners across this great country of the United States. I found myself feeling nothing but emptiness and sorrow. Even my long-running co-host Robin had begun to suspect that all was not well behind these giant shades. Underneath this curly mop of regret, I found myself in the late hours of the night pondering whether or not being America's irreverant radio sweetheart has even been worth it. Engaging in all those raunchy and raucous behaviors… It was all just a way for me to shove down the fact that everything I had built for myself was deeply unfulfilling.

Then, in a state of total desperation, I found your first issue of GENDERFUCK. I read *Experiments in Self Shipping* by Emerson Borakove, *A Quick and Dirty Establishment of Faggot Synthesis* by Shiloh Blue, and *To a Serpent in Paradise* by June Horbach. I saw art by queer people who seemed to truly be expressing themselves for who they are, and I very suddenly knew what I had to do.

Pulling on my wife's stockings, I felt something rattle inside of me, a person I could only ever dream of being. Breaking out from deep within, staring at me in the mirror, I see a woman liberated; black slip dress, a deep red lip, mascara and dark eyeliner, a woman of true stature and grace. With this wonderful new feeling also came a disturbing understanding of the plight of women, and what I have put my female guests through over the years, given my provocative radio antics. For that, I deeply and humbly apologize.

GENDERFUCK has shown me the error of my ways, and given me a second chance at a life worth living, and I will forever be indebted to you and your beautiful publication.

Thank you for letting me be myself.

Sincerely,

Hannah Stern, Miss America

FUCK

BA-BUMP
:GULP
BA-BUMP
BA-BUMP
BA
UMP
OSCAR

AMBROSIO!

GENDERFUCK.NEOCITIES.ORG